



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

SUMMER'S COME—AND YOU SPANK 'EM IF YOU LIKE

All right, it's summer and the schools are closed, and over the week-ends there are more and more strangers in town. It is conceivable—just barely conceivable—that some of them have never heard of THE CYMBAL.

So, we're turning CYMBAL boys and girls loose this week-end.

They will sell CYMBALS on the street, a practice on which we frown during nine-months in the year when there are few people in the city who do not know about THE CYMBAL and about the news-stands on which it can be found.

We frown upon this practice because newsboys and newgirls on the streets, and especially in the doorway of the post office, are an annoyance. As a rule, they hit you going in and hit you going out—the same ones hit you. Then, they release that understandable youthful energy that is not satisfied with merely selling papers, and adopt the business sidewalks as a playground.

But we will use every effort to prevent this annoyance. We may fail in some instances, but we will try. We will not permit boys and girls selling CYMBALS to block your way in and out of the post office, and, if possible, we will prohibit them jumping on the running boards of automobiles and thrusting CYMBALS through the windows into your faces.

We promise to try to make CYMBAL sellers polite and orderly sellers. And you may help us. When you see one of our youngsters misbehaving, will you kindly admonish same with something like:

"Careful, darling. Papa spank."

JOE BURGE AND \$200 FOR BILL ASKEW

You asked for it, Joe Burge, and here it is.

At the council meeting Wednesday night you said something about getting in wrong if you did what you were doing, but you said you would be frank and you didn't care. All right, we'll be frank and we don't care, either.

You opposed the proposal of the new park and playground commission that Bill Askew, our superintendent of streets, be also designated as superintendent of parks and that, for the extra service he would render as such, he be paid an additional \$25 a month, to be charged to the commission's budget.

You said emphatically that you were against it. You figured it out that if the 15 per cent decrease in pay given to Askew at the start of the depression, along with other city employees, is returned, he would, with this additional \$25, be getting \$200 a month—

"And that's too much for a street superintendent in Carmel," you added, and quite belligerently, just as though you had a personal grievance to satisfy. We don't say you did. Perhaps it was only your way of standing on your so-called economic platform and it is on this assumption that we reply to you.

What do you mean, when you say that \$200 a month is too much for a street superintendent in Carmel? Particularly, what do you mean when you say that \$200 a month is too much for Bill Askew? Have you ever followed Askew and

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CARMEL CYMBAL

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CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JUNE 11, 1937

5 CENTS

Limited Parking on Ocean Avenue To Be Discussed by Business Group

Among several matters of importance, the Carmel Business Association will ruffle its collective brow at a meeting in Pine Inn this evening over the problem of limited parking on Ocean avenue.

It is contended, and with considerable justification, that unlimited time parking on Ocean avenue has begun to make the street almost unusable for shoppers who want to drive into town, leave their cars in some reasonable proximity to the stores, and make their purchases. As things are now, the all-day parked cars are using up most of the space. With the coming of the summer this is getting worse.

It is understood that some sort of limited-time parking is desired by practically all the merchants, but there is a disagreement as to how long the period shall be. Some want it an hour, and some more.

It will be announced at the meeting this evening that the AAA has offered to erect at a small cost at the head of Ocean avenue a reflector sign reading "Carmel". It is expected that the association will accept the offer. Anthony Brazil, district attorney of the county, will talk to the business men and women on the recently-enacted unfair practices act.

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TONY MACBETH'S DEATH SHOCK TO MANY FRIENDS

Resolutions of condolence and regret will be passed by the Carmel Business Association on the death of Catherine Whitney and Malcolm Macbeth.

Macbeth, who had recently moved his interior decorating shop to a new location on the Court of the Golden Bough, died last Sunday evening at 8:30 o'clock at the Community Hospital, following a heart attack. He was a native of St. Louis and a graduate of Princeton University. He started his business in Carmel three years ago, with a shop in the Garden Court on Dolores street.

His brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr Macbeth, were visiting him at the time of his death. Other relatives include an aunt, Miss Mary Mitchell, of St. Louis, and two sisters, Mrs. George Knapp and Mrs. Claire B. Dickey, both of St. Louis.

Macbeth or "Tony", as he was known to his many friends, will be greatly missed on Ocean avenue. His death will cause not a few to stop and ponder on the infinite ways of the gods.

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MISS TILLY POLAK RETURNS TODAY FROM ABROAD

Miss Tilly Polak, whose Objets d'Art shop is one of Carmel's show places for the delight of tourists, is arriving in town this afternoon after a few months in Europe. Miss Polak spent some time in Central Europe, but the main part of her time abroad was spent in her own Holland.

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L.D. IS CONFERRED ON ROBINSON JEFFERS

An honorary degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred on Robinson Jeffers by Occidental College, his alma mater, on June 7, the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the college.

A LETTER AND A VERY NICE REPLY

Mr. A. R. Sargent,
Purity Stores, Ltd.,
Francisco and Kearney Street,
San Francisco, California.

My dear Mr. Sargent:

Would you please accept in the spirit in which it is offered a suggestion from THE CYMBAL, as a mouthpiece for Carmel, that you take under consideration the changing of the large sign which has been stretched across the Wernuth Building above your new store, on Ocean avenue in our city?

In size about four feet wide and 80 feet long, by unofficial measurement of the eye, this sign is at least ten times bigger than any other business sign in Carmel, with one exception which will be noted later.

In color, the brilliant red which is, of course, recognized as the trade color for all your signs, it is staggering in its unintentional affront to our generally sober-signed main business street.

THE CYMBAL telephone rang pretty steadily the day the sign was first hung, voicing protests which were more or less frantic.

Similar protests were received by us when another new grocery store, on the next block, erected a sign greatly out of proportion with others on the street. These protests were carried to Mr. Kip Silvey, the owner, and he offered to cooperate with the citizens in bringing his store front into more harmony with the rest of the street if the people so desired.

As editor of THE CYMBAL, and a long resident in Carmel, I believe it would redound greatly to your favor and in a large sense be good business if you would consider removal of this sign.

The strips at the top of your wide expanse of window are surely enough to attract the attention you desire.

I am printing this letter at the head of comment on your sign and others in the editorial column of THE CYMBAL this week. I would like to have a favorable reply from you to include in this comment.

Yours very truly,

W. K. BASSETT, Editor, THE CYMBAL

June 7, 1937

Mr. W. K. Bassett
Carmel Cymbal

Dear Mr. Bassett:

When the Purity Stores originally located in Carmel they supported the atmosphere of the community by a very inconspicuous store sign in Old English letters.

Since that time, there has been a gradual trend for the business establishments of Carmel to "go commercial."

When moving to our present location, we followed the trend, and used a standard store sign over the store front.

If there is a general desire for business establishments in Carmel to do away with the conventional type of signs, we shall be glad to cooperate in any movement that will eliminate such signs. We believe it should be unanimous and pledge our cooperation to revise our present sign in conformity to any general observance.

And, if the present sign has been the cause of a general movement away from the recent trend and back to the atmosphere that a few years ago was so becoming to Carmel, we shall feel that it served a useful purpose.

Sincerely yours,

PURITY STORES LTD.

(Signed) A. R. Sargent

June 8, 1937

P. S. Since writing the above, we have, as an indication of good faith, directed the removal of the present sign. At an early date, we shall use something similar to the sign on the building we have just vacated. It will of necessity be proportioned in dimensions to the size of the present

(Continued on Page Four)

New Park Commission Gives Council Big Thrill; Dummage-Schwenger Survey Fray Aired; Building Code Has Some Tough Sledding

Mary Dummage did better than Corum Jackson and Guy Curtis did better than Mary Dummage at the meeting of Carmel's municipal legislators Wednesday night.

While Bob Norton was out of the room, Guy got the council to hand the collection of dog licenses over to the tax collector of the city. Mary Dummage got action scheduled for dawn yesterday on the employment of a surveyor to see whether she or Ernie Schwenger are to get three and one-half inches of Ocean avenue, and Corum Jackson and his bunch of playground and park commissioners got part of what they wanted and were turned down flat on another part.

If you put members of the council in at the barrier, it would have to be reported that a nicely-worded motion by Commissioner of Fire and Water Rowntree, nicely read in clear, bold tones by the commissioner, ran up against that impervious legal shield of City Attorney Argyll Campbell and bounced back—into Rowntree's lap. It had to do with giving the chief of the fire department the right to decide where and how far the members of the department could go, and take equipment, to render fire dousing or first aid to outside residents or communities. Argyll said he thought going on record like that might get

(Continued on Page Seven)

CAMPBELL ASKS SAIDEE FOR HER ANSWER TO THE FUNDS AUDIT

Saidie Van Brower, city clerk and assessor, will submit to City Attorney Argyll Campbell before next week's council meeting her statement in answer to the audit of city improvement district funds, received by the council last week and noting a shortage of \$2,634.77 in assessments, penalties and interest.

At Wednesday night's meeting of the council City Attorney Argyll Campbell asked that his report on the audit be delayed to the next meeting.

"Owing to the amount of work before her, Miss Van Brower was unable to give me a report in time for this meeting," he said. "I should like the matter put over until the next meeting and I should like at this time to make a request of Miss Van Brower that she provide me with a report in answer to the audit."

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Little Surprise For Service Stations Is Planned

A simple request that a certain portion of the curb at Sixth and San Carlos streets be restricted from use by parking automobiles, brought the city council Wednesday night down hard on service stations—particularly those which have gasoline intakes (for storage tanks) on the sidewalk, or city property.

Councilman Burge raised the holler and the other members of the council were inclined to agree with him—that, if service stations were encountering difficulty in finding places for the big tank trucks to park and fill up the storage tanks, it was their funeral. And, anyway, the intake pipes shouldn't be on the sidewalk, requiring parking of the trucks in the street for delivery.

So, it was decided that the council make a survey of service stations to find out how many of them are illegally using the sidewalks for their business. This may be a headache for some of them.

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DELOS CURTIS REPORTED AS IMPROVING

Delos Curtis, who has been severely ill for the past week, was reported by Dr. Edwin Kehr last night as showing improvement.

OH, SHUCKS!

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The guaranteed net paid circulation of THE CYMBAL last week (issue of June 4, 1937) was as follows:

CARMEL DISTRICT	
Paid Subscribers.....	364
Newstand and Street Sales.....	161
Total, Carmel District.....	525
OUTSIDE CARMEL DISTRICT	
Paid Subscribers.....	129
Total, Paid Circulation.....	654
Loss from last week.....	20

(The total paid circulation of THE CYMBAL in the Carmel District—Carmel, Carmel Highlands, and Pebble Beach—is far in excess of that of any other Carmel newspaper.)

Blue around this man's town? We believe that you once were street commissioner—those gravestones still standing between San Carlos and Mission streets convince us that you were. Well, what about \$200 a month for a man who does what Bill Askew does, and does it as well as he does? Too much? Would you do it for \$200 a month? And Bill Askew doesn't get anywhere near that now, nor has he for the long period he has worked for the city.

If you don't realize what the city has in Bill Askew, there are a lot of other people, including your brother, and, we believe, sister members of the city council who do. And street superintendents such as Askew don't grow on bushes. They are in demand, and there is such a thing as a city reaching out and over city boundaries and grabbing street superintendents—good ones.

If there is one department in a municipality that has the capacity either for saving a city money, or losing it a lot, it's a street department.

Furthermore, and considerably important, have you ever heard about morale of employees, private and municipal? If Bill Askew didn't know you about as well as we do, your little speech on the floor of the council last Wednesday night would shake his morale down considerable rungs. It didn't, having come from you, but it might have, and you probably intended that it should.

On the other hand, as Allen Griffin is so wont to say, that boost of \$25 and the additional responsibility of a park superintendent would have tended to raise his morale, even though he may not be of the headed variety who would admit it. It would raise ours, and it would raise yours. And a raised morale on the part of a city employee, while an intangible thing, is a powerful one for increased service and good work.

We sincerely hope that at the next meeting of the council, or on some occasion when you are not in the city and at the meeting, the other four members of the council do what, we believe, they would like to do in their wisdom, and grant the request of the park and playground commission as it affects Bill Askew.

—W. K. B.

NEW NURSES' COTTAGE INVITES PUBLIC TO TEA

The new nurses' cottage at the Monterey Peninsula Community Hospital will open tomorrow with a tea from 2 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Friends are invited to attend and inspect the new building which will house nine nurses and have a separate suite for the superintendent. The furnishings for the cottage have been given by Mrs. W. F. Kilpatrick and Ada Howe Kent, both of Carmel Highlands. Everything is new and has been arranged with an eye for comfort, convenience and decorative effect.

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THE CYMBAL
Anywhere
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For \$1 a Year**

Federal Art Gallery Has Painting Show Worth Climbing Stairs To Look At

Two new oil paintings at the Federal Art Gallery are well worth a trip up the stairs in the Seven Arts Court. The first one, called "Fisherman's Daughter", is by Patricia Cunningham of Pacific Grove. This is the first painting Miss Cunningham has done for the Federal Art Project and if first paintings are any indication, the Federal Art Project is very fortunate in having her. We don't mean that this is Miss Cunningham's first painting, by any means. She has been an art instructor at the University of California and has studied abroad. Her most recent work, before she went on the project, was in fresco and there is a feeling of clarity in her color, a sort of white undertone, which lingers in the oil and is most reminiscent of her former medium. The young girl, posed against a background of canneries and dull hills, is a daughter of the sea, a fresh young person, browned by sun and salt air. It is a fine piece of painting and although the anatomy of the arms is a bit weak, the psychological effect of a physical helplessness against the elements is brought out by them.

The other painting new in the

Gallery, is by that veteran of old Monterey adobe, Evelyn McCormick. A small canvas, it has pictorial, historical and real painting interest. The subject is the old Spanish convent, which until 20 years ago, stood on the spot now occupied by the San Carlos Hotel in Monterey. Part of the original adobe wall is still standing to the rear of the hotel. Miss McCormick has painted the scene as she herself remembered it. The convent was the approved school for all the young Spanish girls of the Pacific Coast and is a part of the romantic history of California. May we repeat—Evelyn McCormick knows how to paint buildings. Either by actual study or by a keen sense of understanding and observation she knows construction, and whatever color she may choose from her palette her compositions are sound. We don't mean that we don't like her colors. We do. Go see both of these paintings. The Carmel Project is constantly being called on to send things out for Federal Exhibitions and it would be a shame to miss seeing these.

—VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

Personalities & Personals

Lord and Lady Mandeville, who have been living in Pebble Beach for the last few months, left yesterday to visit friends in Burlingame before they return to England. Miss Jean MacKellie of New York, who has been with them, will stay on here for another week and rejoin her friends before the boat sails and make the trans-Atlantic crossing with them.

Emma Waldvogel leaves in a few days for a four months' trip to Europe. Miss Waldvogel is particularly interested in the architecture of the Paris Exposition and will spend most of her time there. She will also visit her home in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Elliott entertained a group of friends at the Mission Ranch Club Wednesday evening.

Crilly Butler, a cousin of Mrs. Hermann Kern, is in Carmel for about three weeks. Butler, who was graduated from Yale along with the '29 depression, is a scenario writer and has also done some acting on the silver screen. Not content with the foregoing, Butler also wields a paint brush in his spare time. He is staying at the Totten home on Camino at Twelfth.

Harriet Hatton and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hathaway of San Francisco left by motor last week for the Hathaway summer place in Kitchener, British Columbia. They will be gone several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene A. H. Watson and their three children, Suzanne, Nancy, Lee and John Henry, left Wednesday for New York for the larger part of the summer. Watson will be busy most of the time looking after the affairs of his mother's estate, leaving the rest of the Watson family to eat ice cream cones and do a bit of shopping.

Mrs. Myrtle Stoddard enter-

tained a group of friends for Sunday night supper at her home on Eighth and Mountain View. Informally gathered were Mrs. Florence Aberle, recently from the east coast, Bill John of La Playa Hotel and James Kam, new manager of the Humane Society Animal Shelter.

Amelie Waldo was hostess to the Stove Pipe Hall gang last Friday night. Guests and members included Ethel Warren, Suzanne and Harry Hedger, Eric Coster, "Snap" Nelson, Bill Knease, George Seidenbeck and Wolo. Remo and Virginia Scardigli dropped in after the play.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Tevis entertained the members of the cast of "Tatters" at a garden luncheon, Friday, at their Mission Ranch home. Wolo, caricaturist extraordinaire, amused the group by doing some clever portrait sketches of the guests and his host and hostess.

Erin Abigail Bosworth Black was born May 31 in San Francisco. She is the daughter of Eleanor Bosworth (Mrs. William H.) Black and, according to her aunt, Betsy Bosworth, the young lady has "pinkish hair" to suit her proud Irish name. Erin is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Bosworth of Carmel. Aunt Abbie Lou Bosworth was in San Francisco with her sister and returned to Carmel Tuesday to tell us all about the new edition.

Eleanor and Will Irwin left last Tuesday to follow the San Simson Highway to San Luis Obispo. Mrs. Irwin is superintendent of the Federal Writers' Project in Monterey County and will write the story of the road for the National Guide Book being compiled by the project. They expect to be back early today.

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DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

We had a note from Robinson Jeffers' bull dog, Haig of Bemersyde, telling about the surprise he arranged for his mistress. While she was in San Francisco Haig had his portrait painted. Now when the Jeffers leave for Ireland, Haig says if they can't take him along, they can take his growling likeness. His twin brother, York, former villager, is leading a collegiate life at Bowles Hall in Berkeley.

Like the unwanted little waif in the story who won her way into the hearts of her adopted parents is Bounce Koepp. She was a present to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Koepp and all the little Koepps. But Guy didn't want a dog—much less a Pekingese. However, Bounce, with her adorable ways and her charm was soon an important member of the Koepp household. And Guy, (who didn't want a dog) takes her with him everywhere in his car. He even gives Bounce her bath, with a vacuum cleaner—but just how he performs this mechanical miracle is a bit puzzling.

Speaking of baths, the latest to succumb is Blue Clark, whose master, Kelly Clark, doesn't like these new-fangled gadgets, but prefers to use the old soap-and-scrubbing-brush method on Blue, who has been admiring his now shining image in every shop window.

With a nonchalance far beyond their tender years, two fat little Springer Spaniel puppies were seen several days ago having a bread-and-milk breakfast right on Ocean Avenue. They announced, between gulps, that they were Jack and Jill Martell, newly-acquired wards of Dick Martell, and were enroute to the Martell home in Los Angeles.

"We were hungry," said Jack, as he nosed his sister out of the milk pan, "so we decided to have

breakfast right here."

"You're always hungry," retorted Jill, as she wriggled her way back to chase a morsel of bread around the now empty dish.

Then the youngsters yawned and blinked and very soon were fast asleep.

How quaint, these tourists!

Ambulance Fund Nears Success

At the last monthly meeting of the executive committee, Carmel Chapter American Red Cross, Chairman C. W. Lee appointed Col. T. B. Taylor head of the ambulance committee, in place of J. L. Cockburn, who has left to go abroad. It is this committee that will be responsible for the purchase of an ambulance to serve the Carmel District, with headquarters at the new fire station.

Started only a short time ago, the ambulance fund has now reached the sum of \$1715.50. This leaves only a few hundred to be subscribed to reach the goal of \$2,000. With the sum in hand the committee proposes to place an order for a modern ambulance, fully equipped to meet the needs of Carmel and vicinity. Expert advice has been sought so that this community can be served as well as any metropolitan center in the country.

From Pebble Beach to Big Sur and from Point Lobos 15 miles up Carmel Valley is quite an extensive territory for ambulance service, but with the cooperation of the Carmel Fire Department, a special operating plan will be worked out to meet the need.

Subscriptions are still being received at both Carmel banks and Red Cross headquarters. It is hoped that the entire sum will be in hand by next week.

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A Note to a Self-Styled "Drooling Boy" Editor on Illegitimate Competition

Mr. Palmer T. Beaudette
Editor and Publisher
The Californian
Carmel, California

My dear young man:

Some two weeks ago you caused to be published in your pictorial tabloid an editorial statement, presumably written by yourself, in which you took occasion to criticize those who were casting aspersions on you as an interloper. You called yourself (quite unjustifiably, I thought at the time) a "drooling" editor, but you contended that you had as much right here as anyone, and implied quite definitely that as long as you stood on your own feet, and carried on legitimate competition with the other two newspapers, no one should question your privilege so to do.

It was a frank statement, quite well done for a "puling editor", as you in another paragraph described yourself, and in a large measure I agree with you. But there appears to be a chasm between what you say and what you do. It seems that your implied legitimate competition policy is little more than a lip exercise or, should I say, a typewriter gesture? If you want to stand on your own feet as a newspaper publisher in Carmel, how about getting up on your own feet as a newspaper publisher in Carmel, how about getting up on your own feet and trying them out?

On numerous occasions, since you metamorphosed your *Californian* by taking it over to Monterey and having it printed on the Peninsula Herald's off-set press, you have been guilty of the rankest kind of unfair competition. This latest issue of *The Californian* carries you several steps lower into the unethical journalism mud.

On Page Six you reproduce an ad of the Old Cabin Inn which you "lifted" in its entirety, border and all, from *THE CYMBAL*. All that was required, by virtue of the Herald's off-set process, was for you to clip the ad from *THE CYMBAL*, paste it on your page and photograph it on the off-set plate.

But that is unfair competition—even a "drooling" or "puling" editor should know that. The Herald, whose plant you use in the make-up of your paper as well as the printing of it, could not have reproduced that *CYMBAL* ad. It hasn't the type to do it. That is *CYMBAL* type, and cannot at this writing be found in any other shop on the Monterey Peninsula. Furthermore, and this is even more important, that ad was specially designed by us, as all our ads are before they are given to the typesetter. You have not only lifted our typeface, but you have lifted our idea and our design. You got a good ad out of it, easily the best-looking ad in your paper, but you got it by stealing it. Not otherwise could you have duplicated it.

On the same page, you have another ad, half of which you lifted from *THE CYMBAL*. It is easy for anyone looking at the Marion Meredith Inn ad to note which part of it you lifted. Of course, it was the only decent-looking part of it. Unfortunately, you didn't do a good job of pasting this time, and *THE CYMBAL* half of the ad is on crooked, but it is there nevertheless.

On other occasions you have done this. You did it with the Del Monte Properties Company's announcement of the opening of an office in Carmel, which had previously appeared in *THE CYMBAL*. You lifted that ad bodily.

In criticizing you for this, I believe that Allen Griffin, publisher of the *Peninsula Herald*, should

come in for joint censure. He has heretofore conducted his business as an ethical newspaperman, and I do not consider his aiding and abetting you in this clear example of illegitimate competition, if he is doing it knowingly, is much to his credit. I incline to believe that perhaps he hasn't noticed it; that his editorial right hand sometimes knoweth not what his mechanical left is about. I am convinced of this to the extent of writing a letter to him, calling his attention to it.

But you know what you are doing, and what you are doing in this case is not standing on your own feet. If you were really of the "drooling" age, I would not expect you to. But you are some little space past that, you know, and I believe I have a right to expect you to make good your policy as expressed in part on your editorial page two weeks ago.

Quite respectfully,
June 9, 1937 W. K. BASSETT

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We Don't Know, But This Thing Looks Goofy

What a man this Louis Slevin person is!

One would think he premeditatedly contributes to the Carmel tradition, atmosphere, legend, spirit, and what have you?

For instance, he's got a sign tacked into *THE CYMBAL* rack out in front of his joint down on Ocean avenue, reading:

"WANTED—OLD UMBRELLAS. Will pay 50 cents apiece if in good working order."

Now, we ask you—

We asked Louis, too. He handed us some line about beetles and bugs and worms, and the matter of collecting them. He tried to make us think we were just a ninny for not knowing about the methods of collecting them—that is, Louis' methods of collecting them. He says you go, or he goes, up to a bush which he suspects is the palace of a number of happy creatures. Pausing, he opens his umbrella, or the one that was yours and which you sold for 50 cents, providing it was in working order. Then he approaches stealthily. Suddenly, without warning to the aforementioned happy creatures, he thrusts the open umbrella, inverted, into the lower part of the bush, and with a smart swipe of a cane smashes at the branches above.

O-Oh, Louie! Into the open, inverted, good-working-order umbrella drop the creatures—not at this point so blamed happy.

Then, Louis says, if you're quick enough, and have the eye of a collector, you can gather from the depths of the open umbrella a desired part or portion of the lot before they have all gotten their wits together, realized Louis' perfidy, and scampered to the rim and escaped.

Sounds kind of goofy to us—but most of Louis' operations sound kind of goofy to us.

Golden Bough Cast Does 'There Go I'

The Golden Bough Players, under the direction of Ted Kuster, presented the world premiere of Elmer Rice's comedy, "There Go I", last night at their playhouse at 1335 Sutter street in San Francisco. The group will give performances of the same play tonight, tomorrow and next week-end, the nights of June 17, 18 and 19.

There is quite a fine selection of plays to be done by the group for their 1937-38 series. Included are Maxwell Anderson's "Winter set", Siegfried Geyer's "By Candlelight", the latter a play which Kuster put on here in the ill-fated Golden Bough Theater on Ocean Avenue, and Martin Flavin's "Amaco" and "Spendthrift", also played here. They will also do Benn Levy's "Art and Mrs. Bottle", Robert Turney's "Daughters of Atreus", a recent New York favorite, and Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People", Ernst Toller's "No More Peace" and "The Thripny Opera" by Bert Brecht and Kurt Weill.

A season ticket and membership in the Guild assure a winter of fine plays, many that have never been played in San Francisco.

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NEW CARMEL RESIDENT DIES SUDDENLY

Sven Paul Lindstrom had little chance to become known to Carmel which he had already begun to love. He came here just two weeks ago with Robert Harnden and the two men were just getting themselves settled in their new home and studio in Carmel Woods when Lindstrom became ill from malaria contracted in South America and died last Saturday at the Community Hospital. He was 41 years old, a native of Sweden and leaves a mother and several sisters there. He and Harnden were both accomplished weavers and were planning to establish their loom studio in Carmel.

Harnden has given up the studio which his sister, Mrs. W. H. Gibbons, built for him and has gone to Berkeley to spend the summer with another sister there. Mrs. Gibbons and her daughter, Molly, will occupy the house for the summer.

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Austin Mallett was in town over the week-end. Mallett was formerly assistant manager of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club and is now in business in San Francisco.

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Dick and Rhoda Johnson Startle Town By Actually Going Away — Together

Dick and Rhoda Johnson went away this past week—together.

Well, what about it? Why shouldn't they go away together?—they're married.

Yes, but it's news just the same.

Dick and Rhoda have never before been away—together. In the 22 years they have been in that state which, legally, permits them to go away together, they have never taken advantage of the privilege. Somehow, things have always worked out so they couldn't. Dick has been away—on business, of course. And Rhoda has been away—at whatever kind of knitting Rhoda does. But in each instance, and at each time, one of the two of them remained at home.

But this week they went away—together. And on the eve of their departure Rhoda said she thought she was going to be embarrassed

about it. She couldn't for the life of her think where she left the marriage certificate to show any snooper who might want to know.

Anyway they went—to a wedding—the wedding of Mary Frances Allen and Harold James Bishop in Los Angeles yesterday. Mary Frances is the daughter of Mrs. Etta, or Mrs. Henry Boyle Allen. Etta and Rhoda lived next door to each other when they were wee babes and up through the adolescent age. Mary Frances, who is now Mrs. Bishop, was bridesmaid at the wedding of a certain Patricia Johnson, known happily to Carmel as Patty, and a daughter of Dick and Rhoda, and who is now Mrs. David Trevett of Berkeley.

While in the south, Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Johnson (married) were house guests of the Henry Boyle Allens.

BARBARA JOYCE FOREGOES HAWAII FOR A MERE MAN

Barbara Joyce (which isn't her name now) may never, never get to Honolulu. Marrying a theatrical man, a girl never knows where she is going to be from one minute to the next. It's almost as bad as being a newspaper man's wife. With ticket in hand last week, passage booked on the *Lurline*, Barbara gave one fleeting look out under the Golden Gate bridge toward the Farallones and then turned back.

Last Friday, at Salinas, she married Dick Bare and the two of them went up to Dick's Pinecrest abode in Tuolumne county for a two-day holiday. Then back to Carmel where Bare started things going on Monday for his week-end movie program at the Filmarte Theater.

Honolulu's a swell place, cloud-

flecked skies are its dome, trade winds kiss the coco palms and naked babies wallow in the sunshine on the sidewalks in Palama—

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bare are living in Carmel.

+

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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June 11, 1937

The Cymbal is on sale at
Del Monte Hotel newstand.
Palace Drug Co., Monterey.
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Just 363 and Piece Of a Child Sunset's Daily Average

An average daily attendance of 363.80 for the past year at Sunset School was the figure given at the regular June meeting of the board of trustees Monday. The significance of this figure can be found in several actions taken by the board for the coming year. The state allows the school an additional \$1,800 for an average attendance of 350 which will make room for one more teacher on the staff. C. J. Ryland's estimate and bid for the completion of the new class room was accepted and passed on by the board. The cost will be approximately \$2,000.

Miss Blanche Heninger's resignation was accepted and Mrs. Helen Poulsen was appointed new cafeteria manager. Mrs. Poulsen is a graduate of the University of California Domestic Science School and is well experienced in her field.

There was an informal discussion of the budget, which will be turned over to James G. Force, county superintendent of schools, for the final drafting.

New chairs for the balcony were installed in time for the graduation exercises. The 160-odd chairs are stationary and replace the old, movable, ones.

The police department has requested the school to put new "No Parking" signs in front of the building as the old ones are not regulation size.

Mrs. Eugene Watson, who received a fine complimentary vote on an uncontested ticket for member of the board, will assume office on July 1. This was Mrs. Helen Levinson's last regular meeting.

+

Mr. and Mrs. George Coblenz of San Antonio street have been entertaining Mr. Coblenz' sister, Mrs. Max Frankenau, during the past week. Mrs. Frankenau came down from San Francisco to attend the graduation exercises of her niece Patty.

A LETTER AND A VERY NICE REPLY

building. It is our hope that this action will be of benefit to a general movement of revision.

That's a courteous reply and, we might say, a judicious one. Mr. Sargent is to be congratulated on possessing an understanding of Carmel such as his letter clearly indicates, an understanding that many of us feared, on first seeing the Purity's immense, red sign, we would not find in the Purity management.

But Mr. Sargent explains the situation and, we must confess, we see the grounds for his reasoning. There is little doubt that he is referring to Kip's Food Center signs, both on the front of their store, and on the side wall on San Carlos street. We have every reason to believe that they will be modified. In fact, we have, virtually, Kip Silvey's word for it. When protests on the size of the signs were carried to him, he said that he wished to cooperate and that he would modify the signs if it were the desire of the community.

And while we are pointing the protesting finger, let's wiggle it a bit and take in a veteran merchant or two who is not contributing anything to the traditions of Carmel.

For instance, and first, let's take Bonham's.

Isn't it possible to induce our former mayor to scrap a few of those hideous signs he has piled one on top of the other above his store?

Second, and next door. How about asking Peter Burk to douse the glim on the one and only electric sign—over the Carmel Drug Store?

Also, how about Ewig's and the Carmel Bakery? We have an ordinance prohibiting signs extending more than 30 inches over the sidewalk. Ewig's sign goes almost clear across to the curb and the Carmel Bakery one the same. There may be others, but we haven't noticed. Oh yes, we know the answer, and if we hadn't known, Ewig would have given it to us—those signs were there before the ordinance was passed and, unfortunately, ordinances are not retroactive.

That's a good answer, as far as it goes, but if an ordinance was deemed desirable to limit the length of signs over the sidewalks, it must have been so deemed because signs that extend more than 30 inches over the sidewalk are not considered desirable. And this would apply to those constructed before the ordinance went into effect as well as those erected afterward. If we were Ewig or the Carmel Bakery we would have recognized that fact and cut off the signs. And Ewig's "Red and White Stores" sign isn't such a honey, either. V. D. Graham almost went into the dog house for one not a whit worse.

Now, we move up the block on the same side and pause at Barney Segal's Carmel Investment Company. We share a bit of the shame here, because this is also our "uptown" office (which it perhaps won't be after Barney reads this paragraph). We have to admit that if it all were our office, it would not look the way it does. It wouldn't have something painted on about every inch of space available across the top of it and down both sides of it.

There are others we could mention—we could, we suppose, take some of the sweetness out of praise for Florence Leidig's modest sign on the front of her store by expressing objection to the hideous Trupak sign she has permitted on the Dolores street wall of her place. As we say, there are others, and believe you us, after this appears in print, we'll get them checked off for us over the telephone from all and sundry who have particular grievances against certain signs.

But there are many, many more encomiums to spread around than there are condemnations—many, many, many more.

Take a look at the Carmel Theatre. There are a lot of people who have objected to the Hollywood nature of the architecture of the building, but is there a glaring sign on it acquainting people, and startling them with the fact that it IS the Carmel Theatre? There is not—nary a sign.

Glance across the street at the Carmel Dairy. Jo Mora, an artist of the first and many waters, designed the decorations within that establishment and without. The sign "Carmel Dairy" on the outside is in perfect harmony with the attractive interior.

Fred Leidig who, with Clara, is just about completing his business block at San Carlos and Ocean, informs us that there will be no loud signs permitted on any of the stores which will occupy the structure.

Look at Anna Katz' shop, at Whitney's, the Carmel Realty Company, Stella's—they are too numerous to mention, but Ocean avenue and Dolores and Lincoln are principally tenanted by shopkeepers who appreciate the privilege of doing business, or trying to do it on Ocean avenue

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in Carmel, in an environment that induces a larger percentage of able-to-buy people here than the other kind.

And if this sentiment, this modest, decent sign policy is again threatened, why not now have an ordinance which will limit the size and color of signs on stores? Perhaps it would be possible to create a commission whose acceptance of a sign would have to be obtained before the sign could be erected.

'I STAND CONDEMNED' AT
FILMARTE THIS WEEK-END

"I Stand Condemned", playing at the Filmarte tonight, tomorrow night and Sunday, is a thrilling drama of love and intrigue in war-time Russia. The high point in the film is the court martial for high treason rated one of the most dramatic film trials in screen history.

Harry Baur, famous French actor, plays the part of the bully peasant war contractor, Brioukov. Laurence Olivier, who starred in the English production of "As You Like It", plays the condemned man, Ignatoff, in love with Brioukov's war nurse fiancée, acted by Penelope Dudley-Ward. Miss Dudley-Ward took the part of the lovely young English society girl in the Elizabeth Bergner production, "Escape Me Never".

+

Edwin Duerr, director of the University of California Little Theater, is in Carmel for the summer.

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CLANGING CYMBALS



EPITHALAMIUM

"Two boys got on to the bus. Eightish, or so. Presently a red light came on, and a bridal party crossed the intersecting street.

"Some poor guy's got hooked," said one of the eight-year-olds.

"Line and sinker. Nuts!" said the second, snapping his gum.

Second only in enchantment to our recent brush with an airplane carrier was our jaunt the other day on the Southern Pacific's streamlined Daylight Limited. In fact, so bonny and homely did we find this Hidalgo of the rails, that we feel it would take practically no inducing at all to get us to be chatelaine or bed warmer or even just brusher upper for this twelve-room house on iron wheels. Twelve rooms and forty-five servants, with a view.

With toothpaste still clinging to our gums, we hopped aboard at 8:15 and made straight for the dinner, to be greeted by Noel Coward, disguised as a steward.

"I see you have joined the cavalcade that breakfasts this morning at eight-thirty," he said, charming us into ordering prunes, orange juice, strawberries and cream, cafe au lait, cafe noir, ad, practically nauseam.

The diner is eight inches wider than other and narrower diners, Mr. King (Coward) said. It does give an effect of spaciousness, and that so slyly that you quite forgive the S. P. for not having any tables for two. Anyhow, Mr. King says, they like to foster a feeling of friendliness on the train. "Of course," he said, "some people are frightfully embarrassed at eating at the same table with other people." That had never occurred to us, but this is conceivably because we always succeed in surrounding ourselves with a Great Wall of bread crumbs, straying strands of spinach and such.

We exchanged cards. "Aha," he proclaimed, bowing from the correct wrinkle. "We hear of the CARMEL CYMBAL. Mr. Quayle—this is Mr. Quayle, our passenger agent—do come here and meet the representative of one of our leading newspapers of the West."

Mr. Quayle was impressed. We were impressed. (Mr. Quayle is thirtyish and has eyes the color of deep pools of azure in the sunlight.) Perhaps our Mr. Coward-King knows the relationship between feeling expansive and feeling expensive. We ordered ham, bacon, mutton chops, and so on.

"Yes, I am the only passenger agent that rides on a train, ever," Mr. Quayle averred. "Well, we felt that how could you be a passenger agent and not be where the passengers were when they wanted you." We may be mistaken, but there is a quite definite feeling that if Mr. Quayle succeeded in being where his female passengers wanted him, he would probably get off at the first stop on any given run. Whether he, then, maintained his status as passenger agent would perhaps go outside the jurisdiction—or jurisprudence—of the Southern Pacific.

The six waiters—one of whom used to travel old number 26, the Century, when we commuted on it and lied cheerfully about remembering us—handle as many as two hundred luncheon guests and wash their own glasses and silver at that. Under the tutelage of Mr. King,

they also have a way of insinuating edibles, potables and combustibles into you. "Now, lady, you jes better eat that other piece o' fish. We don't want that boy frien' o' yours to think we starves you." (Hey, what is this train, anyway?).

"Phil, we are entertaining one of our well-known newspaperwomen today. Show her your stuff." Mr. King to the head of four chefs. Phil's old black nose takes up the space between his ears. He did tricks with beautiful broilers, glimmering pots. When he opened up on two turkeys and basted them with that lip-sipping only a negro can do without a drool, we cried in anguish—Our ticket only goes to Salinas. We offered to do acultery. With one door wide open to the traveling California hills, what jollier!

Paul, in the lunch car, was born on the Island of Santa Lucia and Carlisle finished him. He speaks five languages, including the Hindustani. Not including a smattering of what—to another negro—must be one of the Romances.

By the time we had met Jack Brennan, the barkeep, we had definitely begun to wonder what attractions they have on the Daylight for men. By this time, we couldn't make out whether Jack actually went to Smith with us or just sat on the steps and waited all these years. Yes, verily, there is a thing called rapport on the Southern Pacific's crack jillope. Perhaps it was a stroke of great good fortune that we were on the outskirts of Salinas—by some abracadabra of the conversion of space and time into negligible things—by the time we met Jack. We'd hate to think of going through his menu from Chateau Zimbatt to Alka Seltzer.

But, by all the gods, here is a way to travel. If this is the machine age, let us to it. When we returned to our seat for a brief moment before debarking, we savored the ease with which this train moves, the sense of freedom—freedom from the tubularity that usually makes us claustrophobiacs on trains. The subtly-contrived comfort of things, such as being able to smoke anywhere; as having an ash tray for every chair; of insulation from any jolting or swaying or even the sound of wheels; of electrically-impulsed brakes and constantly fresh air; of no traffic cops, no drunken drivers on the road; no pushing and pulling at the clutch and not a damned parking problem in the carload.

A good bit has been written about the colors on this train. All we can say, is that it must be a chameleon of a crittur. Because, wherever we looked—Mr. Quayle's eyes, Phil's dark chocolate nose, the alternating green and reddish chairs in the chair cars, we found them all fused with the sorrel and maize and green of the early California summer outside, so easily floating by.

Coming over the top of the Monterey Hill, on our way back from San Francisco the other day, we had one of those moments of revelation which come to a person now and then as a result of stresses and endurance, patiently assumed over a period of time, bursting at last into deserved light. At the top of the hill we saw the sign—"Carmel". And for the first time since we arrived in the West, we felt we had some home.

Just three years ago, we came to Carmel, ill. On that morning, the sun was hot in Mommie Brown's patio on Santa Fe street; there was

warm old gold in the Monterey Pines; the sea lions were on their noisy mating trek northward and Carl Harris courteously directed us to Hugh Comstock's house.

And, on that morning, we sloughed off our Mainboucher traveling suit, threw our hat to the ravening squirrels, gave our high heels to the Castro twins, donned our shorts and a pair of gloves and opened our heart to the blue-roofed village beside the unfamiliar and frightening Pacific.

No. We confess that at first we didn't open our heart to Carmel. We didn't even like the place then. The truth is, we put on the shorts and the gloves and struck out resentfully into the descending fog, grimly determined to carry out our doctor's orders to the letter, the sooner to get back to blessed Manhattan, and the familiar tidal eccentricities of New York. But we did leave our heart most carelessly ajar.

Now we owe a debt of gratitude to Carmel for many things. First of all, for the privilege of wearing our shorts. We admit that we did this to the undisguised dismay of many citizens. But in these shorts, we began to take, alone, the first steps which were to teach us to walk again. In them, we strode the tide line daily from Point Lobos to the Lodge, absorbing ourself utterly in the casual marine life of this shore. Bits of bright abalone shell pierced the hard crust of disillusion. We lay on our belly by the hour, watching the side-stepping crabs bent on no other business than going from crevice to crevice. Released from the hobbling of skirts, symbolically and actually, we learned that, no matter how grueling the long walk seemed at the beginning, if we walked far enough, we invariably came to that point of spiritual ecstasy when the world of sea and sky, and soul-beguiling hills opened up clear to our vision. In shorts, we learned to straighten our body and lift our chin. In them, we found that we could face the terrific challenge of the ocean to our depleted strength and find in it, at the end of the day, peace and gentleness. In them, we also discovered the hills—struggling up their resistant flanks, falling into their pitfalls, ploughing through sage brush and poison oak to emerge, bleeding and breathless, up where the vision broadens and life's petty casualties drop sharply away, leaving us clothed in more than shorts and gloves, but altogether in glory unadorned. In those shorts—God bless them—our muscles had liberty to grow into health again; our appetite out of all bounds; our skin comely brown; and in them, we learned

... to take
A longer stride, to keep in pace
with Thee."

Some day we hope to have the time to pay our heartfelt tribute to those people who took us in when we first came here; to give Ralph Castagna and Bernice Fraser and Ed Ewig their due for assuming a friendly interest in us from the start and giving us respite from fog and loneliness by listening to our waggling tongue in their busy hours. We shall write a book about Janie; and another about our good friend, Norma Peirce. We've got something up our sleeve about Ted Sierka and Bob Garrett and, in fact, about all the rest of the dear and pleasant folk to whom we can open our face and smile—an exercise which has its specific function in health. Moments and dogs and moods; geraniums and gas stations; sea and land urchins; pelicans and people.

And Mr. Willard K. Bassett.

All these came to us the other day, on seeing that familiar sign—

Carmel. There is only one other now to stand on the roadside and challenge it—Henniker.

And, all on a sudden we realized that the door we had left casually ajar three years ago had fallen off its hinges altogether. That here, before us were our hills, purpling under their caps of mist; our ocean, familiar and docile above its mysteries; our neighbors hurriedly gathering in the Monday wash. Thus we indite this note of simple gratitude, knowing at last that, having approached her with the proper mien, Carmel had treasured us with that 'longer stride' for which we had once not dared to hope.

—LYNDA SARGENT

+ + +

DENNY AND WATROUS HOSTS TO 'TATTERS' CAST

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous were hostesses at an after-the-play party for the cast of "Tatters" Sunday night at their home on Dolores street. A buffet supper was served to the hungry actors, along with happy post-mortems and singing led by Norman MacNeil and his accordion. Robert Bratt gave several pantomimes which had the crowd in stitches—one, of Queen Victoria taking a bath, made Connie Clappett swear she was drenched to the skin. Among those at the affair were Director Galt Bell and his parents, Mary Henderson and her mother, Mrs. Eugene Marble; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Knoles, Manuela Hudson, Mrs. Betty Moorhouse, Rosamund Marble, Robert Bratt, Norman MacNeil, Catherine Knudsen, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Flaherty, Blackie O'Neal, Bill MacAdams, Connie Clappett, Billy Shepard, Dave Davis, Milt Latham, Laura Bride Applegarth, and Remo and Virginia Scardigli.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS
nest roams, wash dishes, find cats
and bring wandering boys home.

Net Stars Gather At Del Monte

Some of the leading young net stars of the West were gathered at Del Monte today for the opening of the sixteenth annual Del Monte tennis championships.

The championships will continue through Sunday with women's singles, men's singles, men's doubles and mixed doubles events.

The San Francisco Bay region and Los Angeles will be well represented in the historic Del Monte courts and a number of local players will also compete.

The entries include Helen Zabriskie, Eleanor Dawson, Evelyn Lucas, Jane Stanton, Margaret Osborne, Charles Weesner, Wally Bates, Howard Blethen, Edward Alloo, Gerry Hyde, David Conrad, John Campbell, Ted Leidig, Charles Frost, Winston Frost, Wendel Nicolaus, Spencer Kern, Ted Marble, Alex Ayres and Gordon Clough.

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Miss Lydia Weld, Marine Engineer, Heads League

We feel that a special word of introduction is indicated in the case of Miss Lydia Weld, who has just taken office as the new president of the Monterey County League of Women Voters. Miss Weld came quietly into Carmel a year or so ago, built herself a charming home over on The Point and as unassumingly has established for herself a place in the councils that have the best interest of Carmel at heart.

Graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Marine Engineering when she was undoubtedly the only woman marine engineer in the world—certainly in this country—Miss Weld has led a life of distinguished pioneering in one field or another. For thirteen years she pursued her profession at Newport News. She came to California some years ago and took over the sheep and alfalfa ranch of her brother somewhere down in Los Angeles County, running it, we are certain, with the calm, interested straightforwardness of purpose which is her way with things.

A school trustee for 15 years; director of Los Angeles County Farm Bureau for 17 years from its founding; vitally interested in prison reform; loved mistress of Kiltie and Robin and Wee Mon—Clan Scotty—Carmel is unusually fortunate in numbering among its citizenry a woman of such versatility and one with so essentially dynamic an approach to its problems and welfare.

On this occasion of her first appearance as a public figure, it does the village honor to welcome her.

+ + +

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

"The Eighth Grade Class Gossip" came out with a graduation issue on Tuesday, just chuck full of tales. The editorial staff included: Editor, Peter Elliott; Assistant Editor, Dorothy Nash; Sports, Orville Jones; Art, Gerald Ray; Chief Reporter, Arthur Strasburger; Reporters, Jacqueline Klein, Harriet Hatton; Class Article Writers, Dick Williams, Dorothy Nash.

+

With the positions of school nurse and eighth grade teacher still to be appointed, the faculty for next Fall now reads as follows: Kindergarten, Hope Thomas; First grade, Bernice Riley; First and Second, Mrs. Lilly Trowbridge; Second, Mrs. Edna Lockwood; Third and Fourth, Ruth Smith; Fourth, Mrs. Frances Farley; Fifth, Alice Graham; Fifth and Sixth, Mrs. Ann Uzzell; Sixth, A. T. Gale; Seventh and Eighth, Arthur Hull; Seventh, Mrs. Frances Johnson; Music, Madeline Currey; Shop, Ernest Calley; Cafeteria, Mrs. Helen Poulsen; Office, Mrs. Helen Wood; Custodians, Mrs. Floyd Harber and Irving Gansel.

+ + +

LIBRARY EXHIBIT FEATURES WORK OF GOYA

This week's Carmel Library Exhibit in the windows of the Fee building, next door to the Library, center about the work of the Spanish painter, Goya, whose paintings are being exhibited at the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco. Goya was a court painter and lived from 1746 to 1828, quite a ripe old age for those times. He is most famous for his slightly satirical portraits and the exhibit in San Francisco shows the largest collection of his oils that has ever been gathered in one place.

Sunset School Mere Wraith of Usual Active and Resounding Self

Empty classrooms and deserted halls will greet you at Sunset School from now until Fall. School is out and a well-earned vacation for pupils and teachers alike began Wednesday morning. Sleepy heads can turn off the alarm and go back to bed and now find it fun to get up when you don't have to.

The 47 graduates from Sunset School received their diplomas from the hand of Adolph G. E. Hanke, Chairman of the Board of Trustees after they were presented by Otto W. Bardarson, district superintendent, Tuesday evening in the school auditorium. The program for the evening included selections by the orchestra and two songs by the Girls' Glee Club under the direction of Madeline Currey. Both Miss Currey and the girls, who are from the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth grades, deserve high praise for their work. The attacks were fine and the full voices carried beautifully in the auditorium. The Book of the Class, a portrayal of desirable of the Assembly.

character and personality traits, which was presented by the Class of 1937 under the direction of their teacher, Arthur Hull, made use of an excellently-trained verse choir and 14 speakers.

After the exercises a party for the graduated class members and teachers was held in the small auditorium. The Parent-Teacher Association was responsible for the gathering.

Alice Vidoroni and Richard Williams, by a large majority, were chosen by their classmates on the basis of Honor, Courage, Scholarship, Leadership and Service to receive the annual award given by the American Legion. Herbert Brownell presented the gold medals and buttons to the two young citizens at the Tuesday morning Assembly. Awards were also given to all the members of the school traffic squad for the past year and a short student body meeting concluded the program. A. T. Gale was in charge

Let's Tell Whole Story About "Goon", That Ship With a Checkered Career

Let's pick up the story of "The Goon". "The Goon" was a swell little 17-foot sloop built by Neil Weston and Sam Coblenz and, as has been recorded, became the property of John and Carol Steinbeck. John and Carol went to Mexico to get away from the hordes of people who wanted to touch the hand of the guy who wrote "Tortilla Flat". 52 people in 10 days they counted and it was too much for them.

When they came back ye Goon had been cut adrift and there was a nice little bill for salvage charges.

It's quite a stunt over in Monterey Harbor when there isn't any fishing (Monterey Chamber of Commerce, please do not quote) to cut down a few pleasure boats and let them drift out and then make a week's wages on salvaging them.

Anyway, John sold the boat to Dick Albee for the charges and gave Remo Scardigli second option. It had a nice little dinghy to go with it and a brand new (old oil

can) float. Came another day and Remo and that hussey who married him, drove past the harbor to find that once again all was lost. This time not only the boat but also the dinghy and the float had been sawed off and set adrift. There was an ad in the paper for salvage charges but it didn't sound like the Goon, so we ignored it. A few days or weeks later we found her again, a poor crushed thing on the beach near the commercial wharf. That was when Gretchen Schoeninger got her or, at least, got her canvas and oars.

We have tried to reach either Gret or her sister, Hester, by phone to tell them about the latest effort of the Goon. She was dragged up on a lot in Pacific Grove and painted a bright orange undercoat with a white trim. She looked very trim, too, and it pleased us to know that someone would again feel her steady boards underfoot. That is, until these scavengers of the bay get to work again. —V. S.

CARMEL INN IMPROVEMENTS READY FOR THE PUBLIC

This week-end Matthew Austin plans to open the latest improvement and addition to Carmel Inn, on San Carlos near Seventh—downstairs lounge and writing room. Gay, with bright, new, Coronado furniture, the walls a soft, neutral tone and the big glass windows facing on San Carlos letting in every bit of morning light, the room will be equipped with a radio and rugs may be kicked aside for dancing if the mood takes you.

Austin has been manager of the Inn for the past two years and has been steadily remodeling it. First he put on a new front and enlarged the upstairs sitting room, then new furniture, all the latest type Coronado, which is a hand painted variety of the sturdy Monterey style and fits in beautifully with the gay informality of Carmel and the Inn. Altogether there are 18 bedrooms, several of which have adjoining rooms which can accommodate large parties and five new bathrooms with those long tube lights which seem a part of the modern bathing equipment.

Besides a whole lot of functional and gadgety things, which make life worth living, Austin has hung in the different rooms several watercolors by a very talented girl, who signs herself Lavin, and lives in Mexico City. She has painted the

natives with humor and a vivid appreciation of the color and temperament of the Mexican. Go over and ask Austin to show you some of them and take a look at the downstairs apartments with their separate entrances and private baths and cheerful Dutch doors opening on the side patio.

+ + +

Dorothy Trent, who climbs step-ladders to renew your old painted signs and sits demurely at the typewriter to take your dictation, is back in town after a month's vacation in Seattle at the home of Hugh Nelson's sister, Mrs. Ernest Mogens.

+

Beverly Wright is back on the Peninsula, visiting with her mother in Pacific Grove. Beverly has been in Hollywood learning about color films and doing some work at the Pasadena Playhouse.

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HOPE SYKES MARRIES EMIL COWING HERE

Hope Sykes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Sykes of Carmel and Fresno, became Mrs. Emil Cowing at a quiet ceremony at the old Carmel Mission last Saturday afternoon. The Rev. Michael O'Connell officiated at the service and only members of the immediate family were present. Cowing's uncle, Emil Lenhardt, of Piedmont was best man, and Ace Sykes attended her sister. The groom's mother, Mrs. H. R. Stoddard, and his sister, Mrs. Michael McCartney, both of Piedmont, were at the wedding.

The newlyweds spent their honeymoon at the Robles Del Rio home of Joseph G. Hooper and from there went to San Francisco where they are making their home.

+ + +

PENHA TO CONDUCT BACH REHEARSALS SUNDAY

Michel Penha, director of the Third Annual Bach Festival, will arrive in Carmel Sunday morning to conduct afternoon and evening rehearsals. The order of the rehearsals has been reversed, the orchestra practicing in the afternoon, beginning at 2 o'clock, and the chorus in the evening at 8. The reason for this change is that several members of the orchestra are in college in San Jose and will be able to come down for the afternoon only. After this week, the Sunday rehearsals will go back to their original order since college will be out by that time.

Steurman To Be Bach Festival Pianist

Dene Denny has received a letter from Edward Steurman, famous Austrian pianist, saying that he would be most happy to play in the Third Annual Bach Festival to be held in Carmel, under the Denny-Watrous Management, July 19 to 25. Steurman is a profound musician with a great repertoire. He is in Santa Monica at present and has recently played with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra and given concerts in San Francisco, receiving high praise from the music critics and press.

+ + +

Senator and Mrs. Edward Tickle are again familiars at the Highlands Inn table. We hope the Senator has caught up with his sleep after that long session of the legislature. They will remain at the Inn until the Fall session.

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Chiropodist
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MISSION MARKET

Ocean Avenue between
San Carlos and Mission

New Park Commission Gives Council Thrill; Battle of Inches Is Heard

(Continued on Page Two)

the city involved sometime in trouble if we had a local conflagration while our firemen were out of town trying to keep Salinas or Solidad from burning down.

IN FLIES THE WRENCH

If you crowd things vegetable and mineral in with animal at the start of the race, you'll have to put the Building Code down as still running. It didn't get where it was supposed to get at Wednesday's meeting. To hear the council talk at the previous meeting, there was nothing to this matter of adopting a building code except to adopt it. But up jumps the devil again in the likeness and image of this city attorney. When the council got to the building code notation on the calendar of events and every member present (Jim Thoburn wasn't) had an "aye" ready to drop off his and her tongue, Argyll tossed a Stilson wrench and the machinery not only stopped—it backed up.

Birney Adams, city building inspector, also slithered a piece of old iron or two in between a couple of cog wheels, by reciting a list of ordinances which could be or should be repealed if the building code was to get into our law, and another list of some that had better stay, building code or no.

TOO TOUGH ON LOCALS

The principal frustration had to do with fire zones. It appears that zone No. 1 in the building code, accepted by the League of Municipalities, and which we were to swallow whole, would have required us to conform to rules and regulations such as bound Al Smith when he built the Empire State building. This would be pretty tough on prospective business builders in Carmel, it was finally decided.

After considerable discussion on this, and additional discussion on other phases of the matter, it was decided to hold a caucus sometime within the next few days and then meet next Wednesday evening and try to slide the thing through.

If Bob Stanton had been at this last meeting, he would have sweated blood.

Guy Curtis's little coup d'etat had to do with finding a place in Carmel where ladies as well as gentlemen could pay their dog licenses. He wanted it to be the tax collector's office. Bob Norton, who is tax collector, but doesn't work at it, had previously objected to this as putting upon him too much work that he doesn't do anyway, but he was out of the room when Mayor Smith called Curtis to his feet. Maybe the mayor noticed that before he did the calling. So the council voted Curtis what he wanted and we got an ad from Curtis telling the world where Carmel dog licenses are payable.

"ERNEST WON'T LET ME."

Mary Dummage told the council she wanted to build a building on her property at Lincoln and Ocean avenue but, she said, in so many words: "Ernest won't let me."

It appears, and Mrs. Dummage had a map to show how it is, that two surveyors, H. D. Severance

and H. F. Cozzens by names, had tried to find her property line, where it adjoins, abuts or otherwise runs up against that of Ernie Schweninger, and (this should go into some sort of surveyors' year book of impossible things) came to decision five inches away from each other.

As a result of this—just how somebody else will have to figure out—there are three and one-half inches on that block on which Ernie's building bulges, or three and a half inches on which he is entitled to bulge it, but hasn't. If you take Severance, it's one way and if you take Cozzens, it's another.

ERNIE'S SHINY NICKEL

Ernie, who slunk into THE CYMBAL office about 3 p. m. yesterday morning to explain about it, says he doesn't give one of his well-shined nickels which way you take it, but if Mrs. Dummage builds without knowing which is right, there may come a time when, if Ernie parts with his three lots, she will have a problem on her hands.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Dummage got action out of the council Wednesday night, what with her blueprint and her complaint about Ernest, and it was voted that, in the absence of Jim Thoburn who, it is suspected, ran out of town because of this very complication, Councilman Rowntree should act with power and get a third surveyor who would throw a couple of dice and determine whether Cozzens wins, or Severance. That was to have been done yesterday, and maybe was. You can expect Mrs. Dummage to be turning up the first shovel of earth within the hour.

Corum Jackson and his playground and park companions brought the council up with a jerk. Expressions of surprise at the communication received from the newly-named commission gave the impression that the councilmen were thinking: "What Frankenstein is this we have created?"

CORUM IS CHAIRMAN

The park and playground commission's communication didn't mince words, nor hesitate, nor anything. It started off by announcing that it had selected Corum as permanent chairman and Mrs. Grace Flanders as secretary. Then it declared that it had selected Tuesday of each month as a regular meeting date.

Following which it requested that Lloyd Weer be named a member of itself to take the place of Lita Bathen who had resigned. The

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Last week something happened over in Europe. Over here men's hearts stood still. Just as many of us were snapping out of a long, dreary procession of years, war once again broke out in head lines, not just vague rumors, prophecies, but war, actual, bitter, general.

Germany, Italy, Spain, France, England (who next?), may get involved in something from which there will be no retreat until lives have paved the way, and this time possibly more than ever before innocent lives.

And to my eyes comes that photograph published three years ago in a volume of war pictures, one well calculated to bring home the horror that is war.

The picture was of a little girl, perhaps four or five, starving, list-

council accepted this, and you can be expecting suggestions for high-wattage electric lights in all the public places.

The next simple little request ran up against something—ran up against Joe Burge, to be specific. Corum, at al, wanted Bill Askew and Blue named as superintendents of parks at an increase in Bill's present salary as street superintendent of \$25 a month. (No increase for Blue.)

This was swell, but it didn't work. Chances are that if Thoburn had been there, it would have. It's better than an even bet that there would have been a good three votes for the proposition.

BURGE EXPECTS HELL

But Jim wasn't there and Joe Burge raised his voice, though not bly catch hell for it—or words to that effect—but he didn't care. He felt that if Askew were given back the 15 per cent drop in pay inflicted on all municipal employees at the beginning of the depression, and this \$25 was added, it would give him \$200 a month.

"And that's too much for a street superintendent in Carmel," he added.

The matter was laid over.

But the playground commission did get appointment of B. Delgola as beach caretaker, for a few hours a day during June; \$750 insurance on the Forest Theatre, ordering of a report by the building inspector on the state of the Forest Theatre, and a grading survey of the Carmel Woods tennis courts with a view to completing them.

lessly awaiting she knew not what, no longer hungry, just starving. Tiny bones held together by taut skin, round, inflated belly hanging low with poisoned, self-digesting bowels. Eyes dull from pain. Wisps of hair overhanging the sad little face, a face expressionless. There she stood in an empty doorway, no longer a home within, no longer a world of promise without. Nothing but peaceful, healing, forgetfulness of death.

And so it will go hard with some if war comes again. It will go especially hard if it is again a civilized European war, which can be nothing but one of destruction, self-annihilation, purposeless, made for pomp and trade alone, not for men or living, a cruel, wasteful pride of tyrants, and just what we Americans have fought against through a long and bloody history of our own.

For we have had a bloody history, and if we are turbulent as a nation, it is because we have inherited all the lusty sins of the Europe our people left behind to find something better here. We left behind those peoples who were the most civilized of their world, most prepared for the worst kinds of war, and if we have been shocked by what has been done in Manchukuo these last few years, let's remember the kind of killing that has gone on there has been merciful compared with what our own white peoples have in store.

We have our own "white plague," and yellow perils or black are but diseases of the surface, our own a cancer within.

+ + +

Mrs. George Marion, Jr., and her daughter, Georgette, are at the Marion guest house on San Antonio for the summer.

+

Joan and Sue Dekker entertained a group of friends at the Girl Scout House Wednesday night, a joint birthday party.

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If you're not over 13 years old, and you love to make clothes for paperdolls... you must not fail to enter this exciting contest. Connie, Holman's little paper doll girl, needs summer clothes, and is asking you to choose some for her. The most attractive and suitable wardrobes submitted will win the prizes. Write in or come in for complete contest rules, and your model of Connie.

Holman's

PACIFIC GROVE

Mrs. Carl Voss, Retiring President, Tells What Women Voters League Has Done

In a setting superbly challenging the beauty and grandeur of any place where any public meeting ever was held—"Coastlands", Big Sur home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Voss—Miss Lydia Weld, succeeding Mrs. Voss to the presidency of the Monterey County League of Women Voters, took office Wednesday morning.

After a welcome to League members and their guests to make her lovely home their own for the day, Mrs. Voss asked for reports from section and committee heads on work done by the League during the past year. Prominent in the work accomplished was successful social welfare legislation in the state; a study of reorganization of the health department in Monterey County; an investigation of prisons and migratory camps; the imminent establishment of a school for household employees on the Peninsula; and a study with special emphasis—the question of juvenile delinquency.

Reporting on the year's work in connection with the national league and concerning national issues, Mrs. Russell Scott laid stress on the importance of all-day group discussions which have been held during the year, and which did much toward formulating integrated policies among members, and stabilizing a nucleus of opinion. Questions under especial discussion in these meetings have been, primarily, neutrality, the reciprocal trade agreements and the evolving of our foreign policy.

In making her closing remarks as outgoing president, Mrs. Voss touched on two subjects which the league will certainly carry over into the next year; juvenile delinquency and county government. On the first subject she formulated the league's approach in the following words:

"When the National League of Women Voters was organized the problem of children formed an important part of the program, and down through the years this has continued. In our local League, for a number of years, we have been interested in problems relating to the child, such as schools and recreation and, also, delinquency. More recently, our survey of the County has brought out attention to the various departments, among them the Probation Department—this especially because of the League's concern for children's welfare.

"The interest of the League was in a great measure responsible for enlarging the staff of the probation department. We have been pleased with the improvement in the case work during the past year and all

the constructive work done by the probation committee at the detention home. Consequently, following the League's usual policy—one practical all over the United States—of the follow-up method, a group visited Judge Jorgenson. We wished to impress him with the earnest desire to have all this good work continued.

"It is heartening to find that there are many persons alive to juvenile problems. But at the same time, one discovers others ignorant of good juvenile procedure. Good juvenile procedure is not a static thing. Within late years there has been a decided change in the manner of handling the juvenile delinquent, and even the criminal; the emphasis being on social adjustment and rehabilitation."

In conclusion Mrs. Voss quoted Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing Prison: "The majority of our prisoners are failures of intermediary institutions. Corrective and reformatory influences made no impression on them during adolescence or early manhood. They come to us already steeped in viciousness and depravity. What the juvenile home, the penitentiary and reformatory have been unable to accomplish, the prison is now asked to complete."

On the question of County Government, Mrs. Voss enunciated emphatically the need for getting better acquainted with this, our nearest and essentially most vital unit of governing. It is through the county that all influence of the people goes out in radiating circles.

Study of the County Manager plan was strongly urged. While the League has as yet taken no definite stand in the matter, it is recommended that we all get acquainted with this simplified method of carrying on the county's business. There have been some good and some bad examples of this new method. In California, for instance, while the San Mateo system has gone on the rocks more or less because of the opposition of a strong political machine, the scheme is working satisfactorily in Sacramento County. Los Angeles County was cited as an example of a system in need of simplification, with 424 taxing agencies; 784 separate county functions and 44 municipalities, no two of which are made up alike, yet all of which operate under the same laws.

"Now, I'm almost through for the year," Mrs. Voss said. "I have tried to operate the League on terms of strict unpartisanism. We have approached our problems as home makers. Services and things that once were produced inside the home are now produced largely outside."

That the duty of this body of women is to see that those things and services are regulated by law and government function to the good of the home and family, is the thesis of the League.

In taking over her new office, Miss Weld led in the chorus of heartfelt appreciation of the outstanding work Mrs. Voss had done

for the Monterey County League and expressed her own and the League's gratification that Mrs. Voss remains as a board director and as a state vice-president.

After luncheon, three state officers spoke: Mrs. Voss, in her capacity as a state vice-president; Miss Elizabeth Lamson, who told briefly what her job as state executive secretary was all about, and Mrs. Harold Nachtrieb, state personnel chairman, who talked of the necessity of studying the jobs to be done in government and then of acquiring a technic for finding people suitable by nature and training for those jobs. "We can't break up the spoils system by creating more obstructive legislation for the very men we help to elect," Mrs. Nachtrieb said. She likened the situation between government employees and the people to the situation in industrial relations—where there is need for establishing assumptions of parity and helpfulness between the people and the men and women they employ.

A vote of thanks to the luncheon committee—Miss Orra Haseltine, Mrs. Guy Curtis and Mrs. J. P. Sandholt—about concluded the meeting. Except for another vote of thanks to Mr. Voss who cheerfully, charmingly and efficiently parked a hundred or so cars and as cheerfully, charmingly and efficiently dispensed coffee and cakes while his wife's guests sat on the lawn and watched the shadows on the Santa Lucias and a regiment of clouds go south and disappear.

—L. S.

Purity Stores In New Home

Purity Stores, resplendent in traditional red, but topped by a new sign which fits in very well with the surrounding banners of trade, opened last week-end to the public in its big, new store, taking all there is of the ground floor of the Wermuth building on Ocean avenue.

A. W. Simpson and his force of five clerks labored through the night to greet the dawn with a swell big store—and made the grade nicely. In the meantime, and still at it, was and is A. B. Johnson, district manager, trying to stack up in a vast area at the rear half on Sixth street enough groceries, it would appear, to last for a year or two. The first of this week, the meat department opened up, a new section for the Purity Stores here.

In the matter of area, if you consider nothing else, Purity has considerable to brag about in its new Carmel store. The store part of it has a frontage of 50 feet on Ocean avenue, and the storeroom or warehouse almost as much on Sixth street. Then the store goes back better than 50 feet before it meets the wall of the warehouse, which goes another 60. New fixtures and

new gadgets have been installed, including the Purity sprinkling system for the fresh vegetables and a new-fangled refrigeration plant.

Allen Howard, of the Purity staff, had charge of remodeling the place, and Walter W. Mullen put the paint where it belonged. He has been doing this for Purity for 11 years.

+ + +

Rosalie Wagner is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lancy at their home on Monte Verde. Miss Wagner, who is an accomplished dancer, will spend the week with her friends.

+

Mrs. John Albee is visiting her mother, Mrs. H. W. Yarrick, in Glendale.

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STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or 3/4 of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1245. Business licenses, 252.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hutton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saides Van Brouwer. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Isa D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

City Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector, License Collector—Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Frates, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

The Federal Art Gallery is on the Seven Arts Court, Lincoln street, just south of Ocean avenue.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 770. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East

side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Carl Hulsewe, rector. Telephone 250. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 5 weekdays, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Has produced summer plays since 1910. Mountain View avenue, three blocks from Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster. Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 7:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service. Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. S. E. corner, Sixth and Dolores. Tel. 15. Leave for Monterey, 8, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. 12:45, 2:45, 4:30, 7:45 and 6:30 p.m. Arrive from Monterey, 9:15 and 11:30 a.m. and 12:30, 1:45, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 and 7:15 p.m.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:55 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: North-bound, A.M. 7:30, 9:35. P.M. 1:05, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. South-bound, A.M. 9:00, 10:55. P.M. 6:45, 10:10.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, A.M. 8:55. P.M. 12:15, 6:30, 7:55, 9:20. From north, A.M. 10:25, 11:15. P.M. 12:20, 3:00, 4:20, 6:30, 7:35, 11:30.

Then, There Was 'Tatters', Pet of Something

It was just too swell for words—and that, my hearties, is a sweet method by which to save myself a lot of work on this commentary on "Tatters, the Pet of Squatters' Gulch".

But what is the use of going into detail about it? The analogy may be a bit overdrawn, some silly artist might think, but why try to tell anybody about a Hawaiian sunset? If he hasn't seen one he wouldn't understand; think you were nutty, in fact, and if he had you couldn't tell him anything about it with the flimsy fabric of words. If you didn't see "Tatters", what I would say about it (what, no doubt, as is my way, I will be saying about it before I get through, despite my resolve) would be just so much raving. If you did see "Tatters" I would be wasting a lot of time and typewriter ribbon.

But if you can keep me from just barely mentioning Mary, you're insane. As has been noted before, both within and without the presence of this M. Henderson person, I have a menacing weakness there. And Mary, drat her, knew it, as sailing me and my heart just something awful that last night in her "Billy" song. If I ever lose my mind, the psychiatrists at Agnew's can put two pieces of paper in a hat and draw out either one as the answer—Mary Marble or working nights on THE CYMBAL. What did she have to do with "Tatters"? Damned if I know—ask somebody else who was there. I couldn't see what Mary was doing for Mary.

(My wife says, rather grimly, that if she is taken to Agnew's, they can use the same two pieces of paper for her!)

Then, there is one other name that keeps cropping up in my mind—Major Timberlake. The program sets him down as Blackie O'Neal. That's not important. The important thing is that he just escaped being perfect by that narrow margin which made what he did better than perfection. It is only rarely that people on the stage achieve this.

One more thing—I would like to see this Bob Bratt person and Ruth Marion go away together and starve the world. Maybe inappropriate, but it would also be delightful.

As for the rest of the cast and the rest of the entertainers, they were marvelous in their contribution to the best four evenings of entertainment, I'll wager, those who attended "Tatters" have ever seen—and when I say entertainment, I mean entertainment.

With them (whose names I can give you if you communicate with this office, sending a stamped, addressed envelope, or ten cents in Mexican money) it should be mentioned that Hazel Watrous and Dene Denny, who conceived the idea of doing it and arranged the affair, and Galt Bell, who directed it, deserve medals, numerous medals, engraved with expressions of gratitude, thanks, appreciation, exhilaration, and what else comes under the category in Roget's Thesaurus.

—W. K. B.

Helen Newmark left town right after school was out on Tuesday and went up to San Francisco and the East Bay to see friends and get herself settled for her new job as secretary to the head of the Children's Aid Society. She will be back in Carmel this week-end to pick up the tag ends, toothbrush, etc., that she may have forgotten to take with her.

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MASSAGE

ARE YOU ILL, tired or over-weight? If so, have a massage. Any kind, or electric cabinet bath. In your home or mine. Eva McBee. Telephone Monterey 4712. 24

LOST AND FOUND

PURSE FOUND. Containing money. On Twelfth street, near Carmelo. Owner may have same by identifying property and paying for this ad. Telephone 702.

DOGS

HOW ABOUT A COLLIE, or a Fox Terrier Puppy, or a Coach Dog, or a Cocker Spaniel? We have one of each for adoption. Humane Society Animal Shelter, David Street, Monterey. Tel. Mont. 3333.

DOG LICENSES MAY BE PAID at the Tax Collector's Office, City Hall, Carmel. 25

ASK LEO HANSEN HOW MANY TROUT ARE WORTH \$500

Leo Hansen is wondering just how many lake trout are worth \$500. He thinks it would take a couple of carloads of them, and a couple of carloads is what Leo and the Tuthill man and a couple of other guys didn't get up the mountains somewhere. But Leo did get a shock. He left Carmel with his bunch a week ago Wednesday night at about 8:15. At 8:45 o'clock, while Leo was speeding along the highway, somewhere in the neighborhood of Salinas, a voice on the stage in that building on the south-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street, shouted Leo's name and aid he was entitled to a check for \$500—if he was there to collect it. Leo wasn't—he was on his way to get some lake trout somewhere.

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DENE DENNY HONORED BY PROJECT WORKERS

Dene Denny was guest of honor at a farewell luncheon given her by the members of the Federal Music Project Wednesday, June 10, from 12 to 1 o'clock. Miss Denny's resignation as Supervisor for Monterey County took effect on that date and the members of the project desired to show their appreciation of the work she has done and the inspiration she has given them. The new Supervisor, Bernard Callery,

JOBS WANTED

MANUSCRIPT TYPING work wanted. Ruth Holmes. P. O. Box 1171. Tel. 654-J.

MISCELLANEOUS

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was also present at the luncheon and a member of the list of hosts and hostesses which included: John Immich, Mary Tweed, Ray Thiriet, Verne Wilson, Louis D. Law, William Kopp, Emily Hartz, Bernice Thompson, Tilford Mrouka, Robert Lewellyn, Herbert Leese, Louis Carpenter and Richard Gordon. Hazel Watrous was also a guest at the occasion.

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John Steinbeck received the Commonwealth Club prize for literature for the second year in succession last Saturday. Last year he took the gold medal for "Tortilla Flat" and this year his "In Dubious Battle" was adjudged the finest novel by a California writer. Dr. Herbert Eugene Bolton, of the history department of the University of California at Berkeley, received the non-fiction award for his book entitled "Rim of Christendom". Bolton has also been honored by the San Francisco club in 1931 for his "Outposts of Empire". He is a member of the Monterey History and Art Association and was present at the anniversary celebration last Thursday in Monterey.

+

Marian Adams was guest of honor at a farewell supper given at the home of Helen McLachlan at Robles Del Rio last Saturday evening. Marian leaves tomorrow for a trip to Europe.

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CARMEL CAPERS

Music Society Makes Fun of Members In Annual Jinks at Green Room

We returned from our usual ineffectual activities the other day to find Jim Carpenter, of the Pebble Beach stables, and a horse sitting on our doorstep.

"And would you be having a cigarette?" says Jim, "just for me, for the horse doesn't smoke," says he.

"Shure, and begorra, and that we have indeed," says we (the Gallic is infectious) and we invited him in for a beer.

Jim confided in us that he and the horse had been out on the sand dunes doing some trick riding for the movies. He was doubling for some actor, didn't know which one, but thought it improbable that it should be Greta Garbo, who is to be the star of the picture.

During a stroll along the "briny beach," on one of those really chamber-of-commerce days of last week, we encountered Galt Bell, director of "Tatters, Pet of Squatters' Gulch," and were moved to philosophize concerning the popularity of the old melodrama amongst modern sophisticates.

The thin veil of travesty, in which this ancient form is shrouded, is utterly transparent, and ineffectual to disguise the fact that the deep-dyed villain, the pure and fluttery heroine and the brave, chest-heaving hero delight the jaded senses of a present day audience.

After a theatrical diet of dramatized case-histories, in which, twisted, neurotic characters struggle unpredictably toward a perverse and Freudian denouement, the certain knowledge that wickedness will get its just deserts, that virtue will be rewarded, and that all will end happily, is undeniably soothing.

Surely we wouldn't be the only one to be distressed if certain, vague rumors concerning the approaching nuptials of a particular, and personable young pharmacist have any basis in fact.

We were delighted to meet Wolo, the cartoonist, whom we thought one of the most charming and ingenuous of men. It is amazing that anyone, apparently so gentle, can delineate people with such amazing astuteness and a perceptivity that is almost cruel in its clarity.

That plane you may have noticed flying around Monterey, and circling about over the race track, with a streamer fluttering behind it, was advertising the aviators' benefit ball; given to help a young pilot who had the misfortune to break both ankles in a parachute jump last March, and has been hospitalized ever since.

We attended with Dick Parks,

Some folks think Carmel is pink,
And some that we are phony,
But we will strike to get the right
To fish for abalone!

And not only a strike, but a sit-down strike, right on the stage of the Green Room and nothing but beer and a buffet supper would make these ghosts of Frank Duveneck, George Sterling, Mary Austin and Jack London stop calling for their rights to "fish for abalone," last Monday night.

"Time Ambles On" was the theme of the program arranged by Fritz Wurmann, and all the things and happenings Carmel ought not to remember but does for its own preservation, were included in the program. The epic of the dance went stumbling through early Indian and Hollywood Spanish with Anne Greene and Bettie Rae Sutton, and climaxed itself with a modern dance by that great creator and interpreter, Martha Wholewheat Kocher. Martha Kocher stole the evening with her (his) Pioneer Days in Squatters' Gulch, a soulful and inspiring piece of work.

The next bunch on the program was framed, literally. Posing inside a gold frame we find Gipsy Rose Greene, slyly stripping; Frank Wickman, abjectly burning the candle at both Wickies, and Vasia "Volger Boatman" Anikevich tugging at his beard. Marjorie Wurmann lost her hat and looked as if she had nothing else to lose as "Angelica on a day off in Carmel" and Lord, Lord, save us from Little Lord Langlais Roy Howard with a big cigar in his mouth!

The March of the Drama marched right through the "Hold on Macbeth, lay off Macduff" of the old Forest Theater and "Little Women" at the Arts and Crafts, through a hotcha "Emperor Jones" at the Golden Bough, played by Blanche Angell, to Bank Nite at the Carmel Theatre and a notice canceling all Music Society programs because of Bank Nite. Sorry, Mr. Crooks, Nathan Milstein, Trudi Schoop and all you others, but there's \$500 on the ticket and we have our name in the big book so... well, you understand.

The March of Music they called the last stumble and trot to the front of the stage. The good old Abalone song, Carmel's own property, was sung by the Bigmen Female A Capella Choir, led by Serge Jaroff Schubert W. Howe, and the Batch Festival trumpeters tooted a mean quartet of horns from that yearly Fiesta put on by Miss Hazel-nut and Dene Whatnut.

They, we and the Green Room had a pretty good time the other night. Thank you, thank you, Mr. Wurmann, and most especially Emma Waldvogel, for the after-show on the stage. Those were good cats.

—V.S.

pilot of the Condor line, which flies between here and San Francisco.

Most of those present appeared to be either student pilots or instructors. The prize exhibit was a young girl only 14 years old who had already "soloed" and earned her license to fly.

We heard much talk of Howard Hughes, famous aviator and producer, who was in Carmel last week, incognito. He is said to have been in the throes of a romance (the personnel of which we promised not to reveal) and was ambushed behind a long beard, which could not greatly have added to its progress.

We met Langston Hughes at the opening of the First Theater, and he admitted to a slight panic at the thought of conducting tours through Europe and being forced, by his duties as guide, to get up in the morning, as he has been accustomed to doing his writing at night and sleeping during most of the day.

—LESLY LEY

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